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ORIGINAL POETRY.

ADRIAN'S INVOCATION.

Hail, face of my country! to battle advance,
To thy prey loose the wags of rapine again;
Let the dead rise to symbol of slavery and France,
The flag of the tyrant, wave proudly o'er Spain!
Say, cease not your curses on him that once led
Your forces, Castilians! to vanquish or fall;
Who fought for his birthright, his kindred, yet fled
From the shrine of his worship at treachery's call.
Good God! what is country or kindred to him
Who laughs at the birthright by villainous gain?
Hence, Honor! the light that plays o'er thee is dim,
Eclipsed by the lustre of reality's gleam.
O, glad me when vengeance falls ripe on the foe
Who to anarchy yield the just lot of the crown;
Base plotters! they seek not themselves are but tools
Which the foot of the strong shall to dust trample down.
Advance, Angolme! and deep, deep to thy hit,
In the heart of the generous bury thy steel;
Say, start not, 'tis a murder is not of thy guilt,
When 'twill be brooded at in for many a year's weal.
Thou Genius of Slavery! with pestilent breath—
Thou that art! compass thy armies about;
That the words which have pierced Gallia's eagle to
death.
At the lily of Bourbon may fear to flash out.
Shout, shout, Imperator! Magnanimous Caesar!
Protector of nations! thy triumph's complete,
Or shall be, when crushed is the tyrant's heart,
When the last pulse of liberty ceases to beat.
X. Y. X.

UNCAS.

Behold the warrior, as he stands
Fearless—his bosom firm;
His piercing eye his foes doth scan,
His soul, his threats doth burn.
"Mojican, thou diest!" then cried
The Huron—fierce and wild—
Think'st thou a warrior fears to die?
Replied the Serpent's child.
Huron, I spurn thy threats and thee,
Uncas fears not to die;
Uncas thy Brothers off has slain,
Uncas doth thee defy.
The Huron's bosom burned with rage,
His eyeballs flash'd with fire—
Which on the noble Mojican
He bent, with savage ire.
Soon shall the tortures rend thy limbs,
The stake thy bosom gore—
Then shall thy quivering lips declare
The fear thou felt'st before.
Huron, I scorn thy coward band,
Mojican knows no fear;
Come, ply thy tortures now, he cries,
Uncas shall shed no tear.
Then from the proud Mojican stood,
Ere his pride-like form;
And on his circling arms around
He cast a look of scorn.
He bent his arms upon his breast,
Unwavering was his eye;
Distant his noble features swelled—
Uncas feared not to die.

OCTAVIAN.

LINES.
Lady, 'tis past—that parting's past with thee, thou faithful one,
But no, I'll not upon thee cast a taunt for all thou'st done;
Yet in my hours of solitude, thy image with my smile
Comes e'er my soul with anguish rend, too mindful of thy guile.
Then mad'ning thoughts bid lava tears from my scathed bosom rush,
And brighten hopes of early years in one hot channel gush.
All, all of grief comes as a flood, wild'ning with lightning blast,
The current of deep passion's blood thy smiles upon me cast.
For thou didst smile with meteor light to lead the weak astray,
And I, poor fool, was lost in night, but woke to darker day.
Fool, that I was, to deem the heart which beats alike on all,
Could bid thee fondle's thrillings start that love alone can call.
Fool, that I was, to bow and kneel at changing beauty's shrine,
To homage hearts as cold as steel, and pay in tribute mine.
Still greater idiot, when I saw thy spirit's darkening frown,
To gaze on thee with trembling awe, that love my prisoned soul
peers down—
Yet, lo! in these hours of woe, let not remembrance bring
Thoughts of my love to wring thy brow with cold remorse's sting.
Lady, farewell—but ere I fly from passion and from thee,
Shunning the flashes of thine eye to leave a torney sea,
For the wide ocean greets my view with all its snowy foam,
Ere to my friends I bid adieu, and to thy much-loved home.
One fleeting, transient moment, I attention from thee crave,
Twill yield my bosom's agony a calm before the grave;
Twill throw a sunshine o'er the cloud that hangs upon my brow,
Purchase 'twill burst the murky shroud in which thy charms are dress'd.
But think not, lady, that again I sue to thee for love;
No, no, the dark cerulean man that thought shall soon remove—
Some deep waters shall divide thy lovely frame from mine,
Whence shall I find with passion's tide—but my last boon is thine:
If in the lap of evening years, misfortune's shades should break
Around thy light in sorrow's tears, or there should friends forsake,
Pledge me thy word, that I alone shall yield thy soul's relief,
And in perceptive friendship's glow, bind up thy bosom's grief!

Lady, if thou dost ever love, oh! how my heart strings beat!
May its inspiration prove a hint to thee most sweet;
But if requiescent passion's flow is deep within thy heart,
Then only must I fully know my wretched bosom's smart—
But I have done—my raving's o'er—the canvas is unfurling.
Our bark's sails softly from the shore—the winds, the waves are calling—
Yet ere I from thee, lo! go, ere the wide waters sever,
Thou lovest cause of all my woe, farewell, farewell, forever.
FREDERICK.

THE MORALIST.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE GRANDEUR OF GOD.

At His command the lightning flies,
Shakes the firm globe, and fixes the vast skies.
There is not one of the four elements which
So magnificently displays the grandeur of God
as that of fire. Well might the ancients suppose
it to constitute the human soul, for they are
similar in their operations. The soul pervades
every part of the body, and fire exists in
every particle of nature. Like the soul we
observe it quiescent in one body and in another
we see it in all its terrific sublimity. Like the
soul we see it in no instance a slave, and in
another the master of the world. As the soul is
the centre of motion to the human body, so is
the burning sun to the solar system. When the
soul ceases to move the body, every limb is motionless; and when
Joshua commanded the sun to stand still on
Gibson, the earth and moon were still; for they
receive their motion from his diurnal revolution.
The language of Scripture is correct, for though
the sun is fixed in his orbit, he has diurnal motion,
and when that ceases, his attendant planets must
cease. This has been an eye-sore to many deists. Let
them reflect that when the large wheel of a mill is
at rest, the whole of the machinery is at rest also.
We see the operations of the soul, but not its
essence, and we see the effects of fire, but not its
substance.
Fire is the mighty Autocrat of the universe—
its throne is the footstool of God—and its
empire is the grand almanac of nature. Like the
Olympian Jove when he arose and reeled the
skies with his wrath, it sends forth its
herald into the stormy clouds, and shakes the
pillars of the universe with its tremendous roar.
When the spirit of the storm is roused it
goes forth to battle—it awakens the deep
thunders of the artillery of heaven—and as the
skies on fire. The clash of resonating
strife rends in our ears. The mighty master
comes forth from the dark dungeon in which
he was chained—he rides round the etherial
domes in his rapid car wheeled by the whirl-
winds—and the hills of heaven echo with the
crash of clouds. The mighty monarch of the
earth tremble when the dreadful Autocrat
levels his artillery at the globe. It was the
same Autocrat with whom the immortal
Franklin made a league, and entered into
amiable negotiations. He sent forth his am-
bassadors to the gloomy palace of the Autocrat,
who was conducted to his presence in a chariot
of glass. Peace was settled between them—
the dark storm of elemental war rolled away
—and the universal rainbow banner was
hung out in the east. But the Autocrat
escaped from the dungeon of the philosopher—
he was seen again in battle with the spirits
of the storm—and Franklin raised his bayo-
nets against him from every steep. He was
again enveloped in his grand and brilliant
fireworks in the heavens, and scattering his
thunderbolts in every direction. Such is
electricity!

We dwell peacefully on the surface of the
earth, while oceans of fire roll beneath our
feet. In the great womb of the globe the
everlasting forge is at work. How dreadful
must an earthquake be, when we are told by
Pliny, that twelve cities in Asia Minor were
swallowed up in one night. Not a vestige
remained—they were lost in the tremendous
maelstrom. Millions of human beings have
been swallowed up while flying for safety.
In the bowels of the earth the great Jehovah
performs his wonders, at the same moment
that he is firing the heavens with his light-
nings. His thunders roll above our heads,
and beneath our feet, where the eye of mortal
man never penetrates. In the vast vortex of
the volcano the universal forge expels its
scorched metal. The roar of Etna has been
the knell of thousands, when it poured forth
its scorching lava over one of the fairest por-
tions of the earth, and swept into ruins ages
of industry. In the reign of Titus Vespasian,
A. D. 79, the volcano of Vesuvius dashed its
fiery billows to the clouds, and buried in
burning lava the cities of Herculaneum,
Stabiae and Pompeii, which then flourished
near Naples. The streets of Pompeii were
paved with lava, and it has been discovered
that its foundation is composed of the same,
proving that the spot had been deluged
previous to the birth of Christ. In the streets
once busy with the hum of industry, and
where the celebrated ancients walked, the
modern philosopher now stands and rummages
the ruins of grandeur. While the inhabitants
were unmindful of the danger which awaited
them—while they were busied with the
schemes of wealth and greatness—the irre-
sistible flood of fire came roaring from the
mountain, and shrouded them in eternal night.
Seventeen hundred years have rolled over
them, and their lonely habitations and works
remain as their monuments. They are swept
away in the torrent of time—the waves of
ages have settled over them—and art alone
has preserved their memory. Great God
how sublime are thy works! How grand are
thy operations! How awful thy wrath! Na-
ture cannot stand against thee—a world is
lost in an instant in thy sight. Mighty art thou,
O God of nature. MILFORD BARD.

THE STRANGER.

He had travelled from afar, weariness had
conquered his determination to proceed; he
seated himself upon the green sward that
covered the embankment of a temple dedi-
cated to the worship of the Lord of Hosts. His
hair was bleached in the blasts of seventy
winters, and his manly features bore evidence
of a life of peril and misery; his tottering
frame was dignified in ruins, he was a crumbling
pillar that early learnt to support the fabric
of American freedom, and the scars upon his
generous breast were received in the "fore-
front of the hottest battle"—yet he—aye, this
stranger was an hungered, and the people
passed by on the other side, and he was not
noticed. There is no tear in the
undimmed eye of the soldier, but his proud
heart, for a moment, beats in agony—when
casting a submissive look over the serene can-
opy of heaven, he instantly bows his head in
silence and resignation.
SHALL HE PERISH?
The widow—she upon whose head misfor-

tunes have accumulated—the who early basked
in the sunbeam of prosperity—yes, she
has beheld him from her habitation, from her
scanty store the stranger is refreshed; his
fainting spirit revives; with a whole heart he
pursues his journey—on earth the stranger and
the widow meet not again, but before a
trembling universe the merciful shall ap-
pear—and unawares, in the presence of
Jehovah, he shall relate the act of charity,
everlasting felicity shall be the boast reward
of both—the widow for her humanity, and the
stranger for his patience and humility.
BOSTON HARD.

MOTHERS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The following is from Buckminster: "If
any thing in life deserves to be considered as
at once the exquisite bliss and pre-eminent
duty of a mother, it is this—to watch the
developing disposition and capacity of a favorite
child, to discover the earliest buds of talent,
to feed with useful truths the inquisitive
of a young and curious mind; to direct the
eyes yet untroubled with the waters of con-
science, to a bounteous benefactor, to lift the
little hand yet unstained with vice, in prayer
to their Father who is in heaven. But so it is.
The child as soon as it is released from the
bondage of the nurse, and needs no longer a
careful eye to look after its steps, and guard
it from external injury is too often surround-
ed to preceptors, some of whom are employ-
ed to polish the surface of the character, and
regulate the motions of the limbs; others to
furnish the memory, and accomplish the im-
agination, while religion gets admission as she
can, sometimes in a Saturday's task or a Sun-
day's peculiarity, but how rarely as a senti-
ment. Their little hearts are made to flutter
with vanity, encouraged to paint with emula-
tion, persuaded to contract with parsimony,
allowed to glow with revenge, or reduced to
absolute numbness by worldliness and cares,
before they have ever felt a sentiment of de-
votion, or beat with a pulsation of sorrow for
an offence, or gratitude for a benefit, in the
presence of God. Believe me, mothers, you
have no right to expect, that the sense of re-
ligion will be infused by the labors of others.
When parents have ceased to be teachers,
religion has ceased to be taught."

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I have frequently observed that the love of
fashion, of splendid dress, elegant furniture,
the hurrying man, a wretched family to early
ruin; and as the cause is so apparent, it seems
wonderful that the elder and most experien-
ced friends of young couples, should rather
betray them into this too common error, than
endeavor to obviate it by means so much in
their power. An instance of this kind fell un-
der my observation, which caused me the
deepest regret; the parties were dear to me,
and worthy a better fate, but vanity was their
ruin. I have endeavored to trace their story
with the hope, that it may act as a warn-
ing to others placed in a similar situation.
Sarah Meadows was the eldest of nine chil-
dren—very pretty, and fashionably educated—
her parents had accumulated a decent for-
tune, and being surrounded with the substan-
tial comforts of domestic life, and many in-
fluences of youth, she was, of course, much ad-
mired. At the age of eighteen, a young doctor
paid his addresses to her, who had nothing
but a handsome share of talent, his profes-
sion and a pleasing address to depend on; he
was lively, sweet tempered, and handsome, and
in conformity with the fashion of the times
dressed well and made a great show; she be-
came fond of him, and with the approbation
of their friends they were married—a large
and handsome house was splendidly furnished
by their kind parents, and they launched into
all manner of extravagance. During the honey-
moon their house was crowded with visitors,
and in compliance to their guests, their ser-
vants, and their society, they were numerous,
for who could think of economy at such a
time. It is true, they had determined to live
more retired, and to discharge some of their
servants when the usual term of gaiety ex-
pired—but twelve months flew by, and the
purpose of alteration had not taken place. An
indefatigable stranger and a nurse were added
to the family; the cook stipulated to attend
to nothing but the kitchen; the chambermaid
lived at the third story window, and the man
servant continued to pocket half the market
money and to eat half the marketing. The
young husband in the meantime was as suc-
cessful in his business as his most sanguine
friends could wish—his professional services
were solicited; his society sought for; and
his pride gratified; but his pocket remained
empty, his earnings were anticipated, and
the right of another, before he could call them
his own—each year brought an increase to his
family, who felt their wants growing in the
lap of luxury—accustomed to rich food and
close attendance, they became sickly and in-
dolent. The doctor felt himself unable to
supply the extravagant demands made on his
pocket—yet, from false shame, and want of
energy, he was silent, and retreating frequen-
tly opened a door that a visitor, he became
proud and heavy as possible, in consequence
of which, as he was not often to be found, his
practice decreased; his wife not knowing the
real state of his affairs thought him penurious
and unconcerned increased his difficulties; he
became morose, and she shrunk from his
harshness, while her health and spirits fell a
sacrifice to unsatisfied ambition. Her parents
died, and their property when divided gave
each a small portion, but the children were
too idle to each of their children. The
doctor's hopes from that quarter were at an
end, and his creditors became clamorous—
just at that period when they consulted the
most, the little property was seized, the dis-
tressed husband, and his wretched wife, with
seven helpless, badly educated children,
were forced to leave their splendid home,
for a small dwelling at the outskirts of the
town. I called to console with them and found
them more wretched than I had supposed
possible; it was then in the morning, the father
was out, the mother in bed, and the children
had dressed, quarrelling and complaining—
Sarah sent for me to her bed side, and most
bitterly did she regret that she had been edu-
cated for show, that she had consulted her
vanity instead of prudence when she became
a wife and a mother. I begged her not to give
way to unavailing regret; to look forward to
better times, all might yet be well—but I fear
my countenance did not accord with my words
for I felt it was too late to sow the seeds of
virtuous industry and contentment in the
breasts of their misguided family.
I look around me and see many begin the
road splendidly, and knowing their circum-
stances are far from affluent, anticipate the
fall with more commiseration than they de-
serve. How much better to accustom our-

selves to little privations in our youth, when
health and cheerfulness may reason the plain-
est food and brighten the lowliest abode—if
we never grow richer we cannot sigh for pos-
sessions which having never enjoyed are not
necessary to our happiness. If on the contrary
fortune smiles on us, how delightful the effect
on the advantages arising from our economy
and industry, to be enabled to educate our
children, and give them means to set forward
in pursuit of a competency, with constitutions
invigorated by constant exercise, wholesome
food, and early hours, made richer by the
example of virtuous and industrious parents;
and their wants ever smaller than their means
to supply them.

EXPERIENCE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Messrs. Editors—I have determined upon
laying before your honest readers a genuine
exposition of my truly afflictive circumstan-
ces, and under which I have been for some
time labouring; confidently anticipating
thereby some one of them who may sym-
pathize with me will be kind enough to send in
a remedy that will obviate the whole of my
sorrows. I am ever at war with my female
acquaintances, or, as it is nearest the truth,
they are always warring with me. My resi-
dence is at a delightfully retired mansion, in
what may be truly said to be a "charming lit-
tle village," within a morning's ride of the
city, where I am under the incomparable mis-
fortune of having always about me a con-
siderable host of female acquaintances, whose
whole and entire object is, (as appears to me)
to render my existence miserably wretched and
burthenome, thereby effecting and wast-
ing away my constitution so as to throw me
at length into an indefinite pit-hole, with the
impious hope, I believe, of then seizing my
worldly effects. Previous to my further pro-
gress it may be coming "higher to the root
of the matter" to inform you that I am a per-
son whose early hopes of fellowship with the
object of my soul's devotion, as I was taught
in the hall, and consequently have ever since
been surrounded of all resolution requisite to
take upon myself the *indefatigable* task, and
now, of course, remain what the world would
be pleased to term a *Bachelor*!! My pecu-
niary circumstances are in a competent and
happy state, which my female friends, by the
bye, are pretty well aware of—my connexions
are none—this also seems to me; and as a
necessary consequence you may deduce, what
is not always the case, that my acquaintance
in the female circles is not very numerous—
what is peculiarly unhappy, however, in me,
I never find myself satisfied with my break-
fast, dinner, or supper table, without being
betrayed into the too common error, which I
call "Parasitism," and with the greatest secu-
lar cheerfulness of my nature; and who, if any
one becomes jealous of another, will not fail
to remind me of meagre looks, sickly coun-
tenance, and of a coming consumption, while
others by force will intercept my own, lawful
and necessary beverage, under plea of its giv-
ing me carbuncles and other affections of the
skin; and being a great deal too strong for the
relaxed state of my constitution: bread, meats,
tea, as being too difficult of digestion, all of
which, Messrs. Editors, I can clearly see
through, as being nothing but a design to
burden my journey through life in a short
close, after which their darling object will
be to lay violent paw upon my worldly ef-
fects so as to enable them to sparkle at
fashionable balls and watering places, and
lastly to lounge over my pipes of old port, sip-
ping each others health, at the pleasure of
my speedy retirement. Now Messrs. Editors,
if you deem my situation such as is worthy of
your consideration, it will undoubtedly con-
tribute to my health and happiness to insert
this in your favoured columns, so that some
sympathetic breast will melt at this recital
and afford an effectual remedy to my unconso-
late and most laboriously afflicted being.
I am with great respect yours, M.

BACHELOR.

THE BURIED ALIVE.

I had been some time ill, of a low and linger-
ing fever. My strength gradually wasted,
but the sense of life seemed to become more
acute as my corporeal powers became weaker.
I could see by the looks of the doctor that
he despaired of my recovery, and the soft and
whispering sorrow of my friends taught me
that I had nothing to hope.
One day toward the evening, the crisis took
place—I was seized with a strange and un-
describable quivering—a rushing sound was in
my ears—I saw around my couch, immen-
sable strange faces; they were bright and vi-
sionary, and without bodies. There was light
and solemnity, and I tried to move, but could
not. For a short time a terrible confusion
overwhelmed me, and when it passed off, all
my recollection returned with the most per-
fect distinctness, but the power of motion
had departed. I heard the sound of weeping
at my pillow—and the voice of the nurse say,
"He is dead!"—I cannot describe what I felt
at these words—I exerted my utmost power
of volition to stir, but could not move my
limbs. After a short pause my friend drew near,
and sobbing, and convulsed with grief, drew
his hand over my face, and closed my eyes.
The world was then darkened, but I still could
hear, and feel, and suffer.
When my eyes were closed, I heard by the
attendants that my friends had left the room,
and I soon found that the undertakers were
preparing to bury me in the garments of the
grave. Their thoughtlessness was more aw-
ful than the grief of my friends. They laugh-
ed at me another as they turned me from side
to side, and treated what they believed to be
a corpse with the most appalling brutality.
When they had laid me out, these wretches
retired, and the degrading formality of affect-
ed mourning commenced. For three days a
number of friends called to see me. I heard
them, in low accents, speak of what I was;
and more than one, touched me with his
finger. On the third day, some of them talked
of the smell of corruption in the room.
The coffin was procured—I was lifted and
laid on my friend placed my head on what
was deemed its last pillow, and I felt his tears
drop on my face.
When all who had any peculiar interest in
me, had, for a short time, viewed me in the
coffin, I heard them retire, and the under-
takers' men placed the lid on the coffin, and
screwed it down. There were two of them
present—one had occasion to go away before
the task was done. I heard the fellow who
was left, begin to whistle, as he turned the
screw nails, but he checked himself, and com-
pleted the work in silence.
I was then left alone—every one then shut-
ted the door. I knew, however, that I was
not yet buried; and though darkened and
motionless, I had still hope; but this was not
permitted to remain long. The day of inter-

ment arrived—I felt the coffin lifted and borne
away—I heard and felt it placed in the hearse.
There was a crowd of people around; some
of them spoke sorrowfully of me. The hearse
began to move—I knew that it carried me to
the grave. It halted, and the coffin was taken
out—I felt myself carried on the shoulders of
men, by the inequality of the motion—a pause
ensued—I heard the cords of the coffin move—
I felt it swing as dependent by them—it
was lowered, and rested on the bottom of the
grave—the cords were dropped upon the lid—I
heard them fall. Dreadful was the effort
I then made to exert the power of action, but
my whole frame was immovable.
Soon after, a few handfuls of earth were
thrown upon the coffin, then there was an-
other pause; after which the shovels were em-
ployed, and the sound of the rattling mould,
as it covered me, was far more tremendous
than thunder. But I could make no effort—
The sound gradually became less and less,
and by a surging reverberation on the coffin,
I knew that the grave was filled up, and the
hearse began to tread the earth, and slapping
the grave with the flat of its spade—
This, too, ceased, and then all was silent.

I had no means of knowing the lapse of
time; an silence continued. This I death,
thought I, and I am doomed to remain in the
earth, until the resurrection. Presently the
body will fall into corruption, and the epicu-
rian worm, that is only satisfied with man's
flesh, will come to partake of the banquet
that has been prepared for him with so much
solicitude and care. In the contemplation of
this hideous thought, I heard a low and under-
sound in the earth above me, and I fancied
that the worms and reptiles of death were
coming, and the mole and the rat of the grave
would soon be upon me. The sound con-
tinued to grow louder and nearer. Can it be
possible, thought I, that my friends suspect
that they have buried me too soon? The hope
was truly like light bursting through the
gloom of death.
The sound ceased, and presently I felt the
hand of some dreadful being working about
my throat. They dragged me out of the coffin
by the head. I felt again the living air, but
it was piercing cold, and I was carried swiftly
away. I thought to judgment, perhaps to per-
dition.

When borne to some distance, I was then
thrown down like a clod—it was not upon the
ground. A moment after, I found myself upon
a carriage; and by the interchange of two or
three brief sentences, I discovered that I was
in the hands of two of those robbers who live
by plundering the grave, and selling the bod-
ies of parents, and children, and friends—
One of the menung snatches and scraps of
obscene songs, as the cart rattled over the
pavement of the street.
When I halted, I was lifted out, and I soon
perceived by the closeness of the air, and the
change of temperature, that I was carried into
a room; and being rudely stripped of my
shroud, was placed naked on a table. By the
conversation of the two fellows with the ser-
vant who admitted them, I learned that I was
that night to be dissected.

My eyes were still shut, I saw nothing, but
in a short time I heard by the bustle in the
room, that the students of anatomy were as-
sembling. Some of them came round the
table and examined me minutely. They were
pleased to find that a subject had been
procured. The demonstrator at last came in,
Previous to beginning the dissection, he
proposed to try on me some galvanic experi-
ments—and an apparatus was arranged for the
purpose. The first shock vibrated through
all my nerves; they rung and jangled like
the strings of a harp. The students expressed
the admiration of the convulsive effect.—The
second shock threw my eyes open, and the
first person I saw was the doctor who had at-
tended me. But still I was dead. I could,
however, discover among the students, the
faces of many with whom I was familiar; and
when my eyes were opened I heard my name
pronounced by several of the students with an
accent of awe and compassion, and wish that
it had been some other object.
When they had satisfied themselves with the
galvanic phenomena, the demonstrator took
the knife and pierced me on the bosom with
the point. I felt a dreadful cracking, as it
were, throughout my whole frame, a convul-
sive shuddering instantly followed, a shriek
of horror rose from all present. The utmost
exertions were made to restore me, and in the
course of an hour I was in full possession of
all my faculties.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

CIVILIZATION.

A New England paper about seven years
ago, gives intelligence that a file of news pub-
lished at Pulo Penang, had been received,
and as an *exemplum* of the progress of civiliza-
tion and improvement in this barbarous island,
it is related that there was, exactly in Euro-
pean or American style, an advertisement of a
husband desiring his wife, and declaring he
will not pay any debts she may contract—
Query—What kind of civilization and improve-
ment must those Islanders have discovered
that admits man and wife to be at variance?

FROM MAJOR LONG'S EXPEDITION.

STORY OF AMPATO SAPA.

This beautiful spot in the Mississippian (falls
of St. Anthony) is not without a tale to follow
its scenery and heighten the interest, which
of itself, it is calculated to produce. To
Wazekota, an old Indian, we are indebted
for the narration of the following transaction,
to which his mother was an eye-witness. An
Indian of the Dakota nation had united him-
self early in life to a youthful female, whose
name was Ampato Sapa, which signifies the
dark day, with her he lived happily for several
years, apparently enjoying every comfort
which the savage life can afford. Their union
had been blessed with two children, on whom
both parents doted with that depth of feeling
which is unknown to such as have other
treasures besides those that spring from nature.
The man had acquired a reputation as a
hunter, who were happy to place themselves under
his protection, and avail themselves of such
part of his chase as he needed not for the
maintenance of his own family. Desirous of
strengthening their interest with him, some
of them invited him to form a connection with
their family, observing at the same time, that
a man of his talent and importance would
be more than one woman to wait upon the num-
erous guests who would be invited to his
house. They assured him that he could soon
be acknowledged as a chief, and that in this
case, a second wife was indispensable.
Fired with the ambition of obtaining
high honors, he resolved to increase his im-

portance by an union with the daughter of an
influential man of his tribe. He had accord-
ingly taken a second wife, without having
ever mentioned the subject to his former com-
panion. Being desirous to introduce his
bride into his lodge, in the manner which
should be least offensive to the mother of his
children, for whom he still retained much re-
gard, he introduced the subject in these
words: "You know," said he, "that I can have
no woman so fondly as I do upon you. With
regard, I have seen you, of late, subjected to
toils, which must be oppressive to you, and
from which I would gladly relieve you, yet I
know no other way of doing so, than by as-
sociating with you in the household duties one
who shall relieve you from the trouble of
entertaining the numerous guests whom my
growing importance in the nation collects
around me. I have therefore resolved upon
taking another wife, but she shall always be
subject to your control, as she will always
rank, in my affection, second to you. With
the utmost anxiety, and the deepest concern,
I did his companion listen to the unexpected
proposal. She expostulated in the kindest
terms, entreated him with all the arguments
which undisciplined love and the purest con-
jugal affection could suggest. She replied to
all the objections which his duplicity led him
to raise. Desirous of winning her from her
opposition, the Indian still concealed the
secret of his union with another, while she
redoubled all her care to convince him that
she was equal to the task imposed upon her.
When he again spoke upon the subject, she
pleaded all the endearments of her past life;
she spoke of his former fondness for her; of
his regard for her happiness; and that of their
mutual offspring; she bade him beware of the
consequences of this fatal purpose of his.
Finding her bent upon withholding her con-
sent to his plan, he informed her that all op-
position on her part was unnecessary, as he
had already selected another partner; and
that if she could not see his new wife as a
friend, she must receive her as a necessary in-
convenience, for he had resolved that she should
be an inmate of his house. Destructed at this
information, she watched her opportunity and
stole away from the cabin with her infants,
and fled to a distance where her father was.
With him she remained until a party of In-
dians with whom she lived went up the Missis-
sippi to hunt. In the spring, as they were
returning with the canoes, loaded with pel-
tries, they encountered near the falls. In the
morning as they left it she lingered near the
spot, then launched her light canoe, entered
the stream singing her death-song. Too late
did her friends perceive it, their attempts to
prevent her from proceeding were of no avail,
she was heard to sing, in a doleful voice, the
past pleasures which she had enjoyed while
she was the undivided object of her husband's
affection; finally her voice was drowned in
the sound of the cataract; the current carried
down her frail bark with inconceivable rapid-
ity; it came to the edge of the precipice, was
seen for a moment enveloped with spray, but
never after was a trace of the canoe or its
passengers seen. Yet it is stated by the In-
dians that often in the morning a voice had
been heard to sing a doleful dirge along the
edge of the falls, and that it was ever upon
the inconstancy of her husband. No man
assert that her spirit had been seen wander-
ing near her spot with her children wrapped
to her bosom. Such are the tales or tradi-
tions which the Indians treasure up, and
which they relate to the voyager, forcing
a tear from the eyes of the most relentless.

FROM AN ENGLISH POETICAL.

PINKERTON THE GEOGRAPHER.

John Pinkerton, the geographer, who died
a few weeks ago, in Paris, in 1826, I believe,
70th year, was in many respects, a very sin-
gular character. In early life he published
his essays on the Goths and Celts; and though
he figured afterwards in many other walks of
literature, the prejudices embalm in that
extraordinary production continued to the
end to hold almost the undivided possession
of his mind. He seriously, and in good faith,
believed that the Irish, Scotch, Highland-
ers, and the Welsh, the Britons and the
Spanish Bretons, are the only surviving re-
mains of the original population of Euro-
pe, and that in them, their features, their
manners, their history, every philo-sophic eye
may trace the unimprovable savage, the Celt.
He maintained in every company, that he was
ready to drop his theory altogether the mo-
ment any one could point out to him a single
person of intellectual eminence springing from
an unadulterated line of Celtic ancestry. He
used to appeal boldly to the History of Bulw-
in particular, asking what one great man the
Celtic races of Wales, Ireland, or Scotland,
had yet contributed to the rolls of fame?—
And, it must be owned, that he had studied
family genealogies so indefatigably, that it
was no easy matter to knock him down with-
out preparation. If you mentioned Burke,
"What," said he, "a descendant of De
Bourge? Class that high Norman chivalry
with the O's and Mac's? Show me a great O,
and I am done." He delighted to prove that
the Scotch Highlanders had never but a few
great captains—such as Montrose, Dundee,
the first Duke of Argyll—and these were all
Goths; the two first Lowlanders, the last a
Norman, a *de quo bellum*! The average he
had for the Celtic name extended itself to
every person and every thing that had any
connection with the Celtic countries. He
used to shut his ears, and screw his absurd
iron features into a most diabolical grin of
disgust, whenever a hapless sounded; and I
remember once meeting him at a country
house in Scotland where the landlord was at
the pains to have a bed hung with Tartan
curtains on purpose for his reception, well know-
ing that some exclamation of his most particu-
lar phrensy would follow. Pinkerton did not
observe any thing that might be ascribed to
the morning with a face pale as marble
with rage, his little grey eyes lighted up with
the most fiery ferocious wrath. He said
nothing—not a word; but ordered a post
chaise immediately after breakfast, and step-
ping into it, growled out, "Good bye, Sir;
good bye, Sir;—I'm your Tartan!" Pink-
erton was a very little and a very thin old
man, with a very small, sharp, yellow face,
thickly streaked

